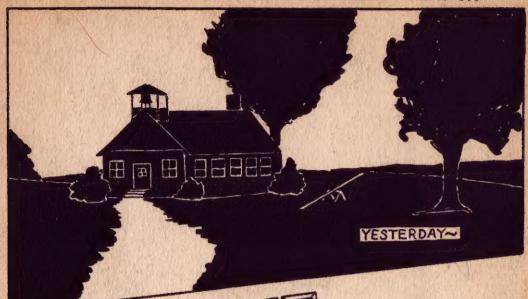
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THE STUDENT'S PEN MAY - 1938





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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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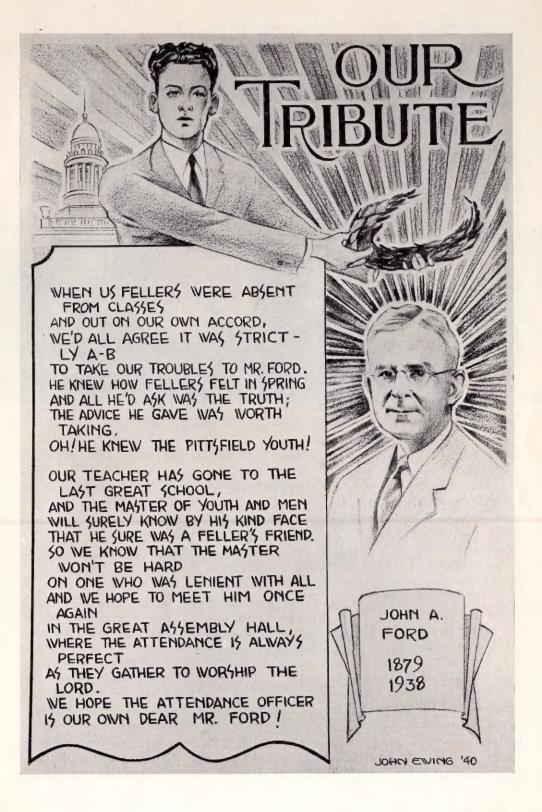
Mr. John A. Ford 1879—1938

Whatever we might say of our former leader, Mr. Ford, we should truly be expressing only half of what we really felt. He was noble and sincere in all his ideals and purposes, and greatly do we mourn his loss.

His life was rich in the guidance of youth. For twenty-four years he was on the staff of Pittsfield High, serving for eight years as principal of the Commercial High School. When, in 1929, the commercial course was consolidated with the academic, he became head of the commercial department and vice-principal.

We of Pittsfield High School knew him as a calm, efficient and conscientious leader, a man whose watchword was "kindness". Many a boy has gone in to Mr. Ford, discouraged and ready to quit, and has come out from his office with renewed courage and a determination to make good. Hundreds of boys and girls will remember with gratitude Mr. Ford's infinite patience, his unfailing courtesy and his fatherly advice.

Here in these halls where he was so long a familiar figure, the memory of his life will be like a benediction to encourage, to inspire, and to uplift.



John Aloysius Ford Dies Suddenly at His Home

Vice-Principal of High School Stricken With Heart Malady-Funeral Will Be Held Wednesday Morning

John Aloysius Ford, for 24 years an educator in the public schools of this city as vice principal and head of the commercial department at the Pittsfield High School, died suddenly of a heart malady at 9 last night at his home, 163 Lenox Avenue. Dr. John Hughes, associate medical examiner attributed death to coronary thrombosis.

Mr. Ford attended St. Charles' Church yesterday and had dinner with his family. He was absent from school for a week last month. as the result of a cold but returned for the final week of the winter term. He was 57 years old.

Funeral Wednesday

The funeral will be held Wednesday morning at 9.30 at the home and at 10 at St. Charles' Church with a solemn high mass of requiem. Burial will be in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

Russell's Tribute

Edward J. Russell. Superintendent of Schools, today directed that the flags at all schools in the city should be placed at halfstaff as a token of respect to Mr. Ford. to a whom he paid the followins tribute:

"Mr. Ford was a kindly man, who was admired and respected not only by his fellow teachers, but by the many pupils whose lives were enriched by knowing him. He was a thoroughly good man, considerate of others, always seeking to say words of praise and never words of criticism. His ideals were of the highest, and his devoted, loyal, conscientious service to the pupils of Pittsfield will long be remembered. He possessed the finest qualities of mind and character. and the city has been fortunate in having him as a teacher through his many years. His loss is not only a personal one to me, but a distinct loss to the community."

Native of Waltham

Mr. Ford was born in Waltham. July 8, 1879, son of John W. Ford and was graduated from Holy Cross in the class of 1905. At Holy Cross he was a member of the varsity basebali and football team. He was a fine infielder, playing second base when Jimmy Ennis was the third baseman and Jack Barry shortstop. In football he played in the backfield. Playing against Pittsfield on the Common in 1902. Mr. Ford broke his leg. It ended



JOHN A. FORD

. his ideals were of the highest . . ."

his career on the gridiron. Holy Cross won the game 2 to 0.

Director of Boys' Camp

After his graduation he taught also athletic director and coached visor. football and baseball in addition to his teaching. He also did some refereeing and handled one of the Dame-Wisconsin football Notre games. Mr. Ford was director of boys' camps in Wisconsin and Canada for two years. For six years he was headmaster of Carlton Academy in Summit, N. J.

Came Here in 1914

In 1914 Mr. Ford came to this

Charge of Playgrounds

For three years he served as su- of Scituate. perintendent of the city play- To Recite Rosary Holy Name Society. He was af-rosary. Berkshire Teachers' Association and tor, is in charge.

White-Collar Project Urged

Would Involve Copying Old City Records

A WPA white-collar project to employ 26 persons for about three months is urged by Nelson S. Mc-Craw, field supervisor of the WFA in Springfield, in a letter to Mayor James Fallon received today. The project, details of which are already drawn up by the Public Works Department, would "transcribe, catalogue, and index old city records." The cost to the Federal Government of employing the 26 persons is estimated at \$5300; so far, the Mayor has not ascertained the estimated cost to the city.

The importance of the starting of the project is emphasized by the fact that the County Commissioners' Court House records project will soon be obliged to lay off some of its employees.

According to Mr. McCraw, the records that would be studied date back to the original grant of the township, and due to age are rapidly becoming unreadable. They include the layouts of the first streets.

"I am very anxious," states the letter, "that every possible consideration be given to the project, due to the little employment provided in Pittsfield for the white-collar class."

Every possible means toward the for two years at Marquette Uni- immediate start of operations on versity, Milwaukee, where he was this project is urged by the super-

> the Holy Cross Alumni Chapter of Berkshire. Mr. Ford made many friends here and was well known throughout the county. By all the students he was regarded not enly as an excellent teacher, but as a friend.

Those Who Survive

Survivors are his wife, the forcity as principal of the Commercial mer Miss Matie E. Mooney of Mil-Department of the High School. He waukee; one son, John A. Jr., emcontinued in that position until ployed by Reynolds & Company, 1931 when the academic and com- stockbrokers; four daughters, the and Maria Quick Ford. He was mercial divisions were united with Misses Cecilia T., Marie L., Roseeducated in the public schools of the opening of the new high school mary A., and Theresa A. Ford, all that city, attended Boston College and he was appointed vice principal. of this city and two brothers, Thomas of Waltham and William

grounds, resigning because of his Members of the Holy Name Sosteadily increasing duties at the ciety of St. Charles will meet at school. He attended St. Charles' the church tomorrow at S and go to Church and was a member of the the home in a body to recite the

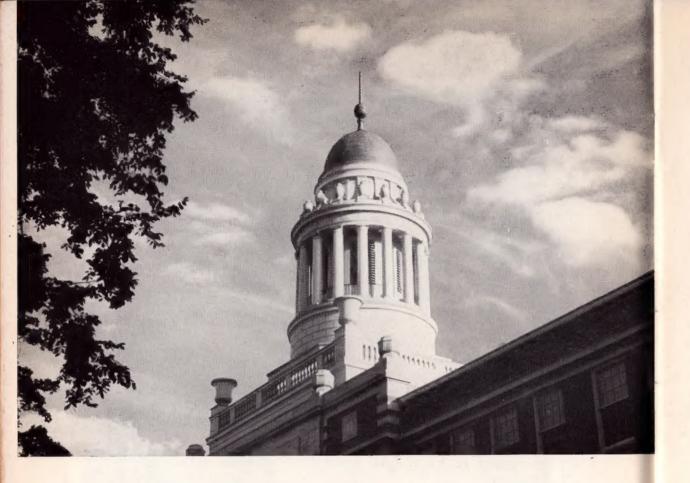
filiated with the Massachusetts and | James C. Drennan, funeral direc-

John A. Ford

Hardest hit by the death of John A Ford, on the score of loss sustained, are, aside from his immediate family, the thousands of Pittsfield High School graduates since 1914, but his going is for the entire community to grieve. John A. Ford was the school's least publicized yet most beloved educator. To gain that honor he must have had something, because his was one of the hardest assignments. on the faculty—as the disciplinary executive.

Yes, John A. Ford's best friends were the High School's culprits | and "wise guys" whom he sent out | linto the world as men. Prowling lstudents in the hall, tardy pupils, Inon-studious, those doubtful of the | curriculum they should take, rulebreakers, all passed through the Joffice of Mr. Ford and learned more in one session than a week lin the classroom would offer. Hel I treated them as he did his own five [children, and for that he gained] their highest respect.

Definitely, his presence in the halls, his permanent smile, his ever-ready co-operation, will be missed by his fellow teachers and students. The memory of them composes the benediction that follows a life nobly, usefully lived.



THE DOME

By Dorothy Shelton

Against a sunset-tinted sky
A silhouetted dome
Was sharply drawn. It caught my eye
As I was walking home.

It was a sight that artists crave
And poets love to find,
But though its beauty stirred my soul
Hot tears my eyes did blind.

For then I thought, "In years to come That sight I may not see."

And so I stopped and stood to paint It on my memory.

On the

Editor's Desk



THE END AND THE BEGINNING

By Dorothy Shelton

JUNE 14! Graduation! What does it mean? It means the end of high school training—the end of three grand years! And it means the time has come to say goodbye to the friends made during those years.

In September, 1935, we who are seniors entered the portals of P. H. S. as bewildered sophomores with diverse attitudes. Many of us were resentful, dismayed, unhappy, certain that we would not like high school. Others, more fortunate, came eagerly, happily, with hopes for the future, and visions of the fun and opportunities to be had. Then we became juniors; we organized and started our class activities. We had prestige; we were somebody. School life took on a new significance for us. Our attitude changed and almost unanimously we were enjoying high school.

All too soon our senior year arrived. With a great deal of rushing and excitement the activities of this year have been carried through, and now there is only graduation before us. Graduation and the realization that the end is near.

And after the end what? The beginning, of course. The beginning of a new phase of life for us. Some of us are going to college; others are going to work. But no matter what we do our high school training will figure prominently in it. If we are fortunate enough to be going to college, we must be able to adapt ourselves to our new surroundings,

to fit into new classes, and to accustom ourselves to new methods of teaching. We should strive to get the most we are capable of getting out of college life, not only to repay our parents for the sacrifice they have made to send us there, but also to find our place in business more easily afterward. If, like the majority of high school graduates, we must find work after commencement, we are faced with a very difficult problem. The percentage of young people finding employment immediately after high school is very low. Only those who are best prepared, mentally alert, and possessed of a great deal of initiative are successful. In 1936 only about forty per cent of the high school graduates looking for work found it. In that same year in New York City alone, out of twenty-four thousand youths sixteen years of age wanting work, more than twenty thousand were unable to

So you see, no matter how big we think we are, or how much we think we know, we must begin at the bottom and work up. And this is where our high school training, not only the scholastic phase but the extra curricular phase as well, is important. For in this age of specialization the world has little patience with misfits. After graduation we shall be just a tiny cog in the wheel of life, and we must try to find our place, or the wheel won't turn—for us.

TOMMY CURTIN AWARD

THE Varsity Alumni Association, a society of over four hundred members organized to promote athletics and scholarship in Pittsfield High School, has announced that the second annual Thomas F. Curtin, Jr. Award, which will soon be on display in the school, will be given on Class Day to a boy in the January or June 1938 class. This handsome medal will be awarded to the boy who, in the opinion of the Award Committee, best upholds the ideals of athletics, scholarship, and sportsmanship in Pittsfield High as exemplified by the late Thomas F. Curtin, Jr., who was better known as "Tommy" Curtin.

The Award Committee is composed of Mr. Strout, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Carmody. Their decision must be approved by a similar committee from the Varsity Alumni Association.

The first award in this series was given to James Scullary last June.

STUDENT OPINION PUMP PRIMING

The President's new spending program seems to me to be a blind groping for a way out of the depression. Certainly no sensible man would stick to a plan which has left us almost where we started after over five years of spending. The President ought to realize that prosperity cannot be bought. The only way we can achieve it is to insure confidence in the government instead of frightening industry by an ever-growing, billion-dollar deficit. And what would we do if we did get out of the depression? As soon as the spending stopped, we would be back where we started, and we couldn't go on like that forever.

Henry Kierstead

WAR?

None of the European countries is in condition for another war at the present time. Practically all of these countries are re-arming but re-armament is being carried out as a protective rather than an aggressive measure. I believe that the general idea in Europe today is, that if countries are fully prepared for war, other countries will hesitate before declaring war. The people of European nations would rather gain their ends by peaceful means than direct warfare. Take, for example, England and Italy. They recently completed a peace agreement, -and England and France have just reaffirmed their friendship. It is therefore my opinion that there will not be any war in Europe in the near future.

John Sisson

CURBING FREE SPEECH

The surest way to bring Communism and Fascism to our country is by encouraging performances such as occurred in Jersey City recently, when Mayor Hague denied Norman Thomas the right of speaking in public.

Mr. Thomas was scheduled to deliver an address in a public hall in Jersey City. During the course of his lecture, Mr. Thomas would have undoubtedly made some cutting remarks about the corrupt government of Jersey City. But before he reached the hall, he was taken by Jersey City police and escorted quietly out of the city.

Because some of his government's corrupt practices might have been exposed, Mayor Hague has violated one of our sacred rights. our right of free speech.

Although we all may not agree with Socialism, it is not for us to deny Mr. Thomas freedom of speech. When we deny it to others, we must expect to have our own liberties curtailed.

Elliot Weisgarber

CINDERELLA MODERN VERSION

By Isabelle C. Sayles

CYLVIA and Carol Lambert had to take a her, and adored her. Carol's object in life was taxi to the Howardhome from the station. They had been invited to an overnight party during the let-down week that comes between Christmas and New Year's; a letdown, that is, unless there are plenty of parties on. Though the snow piled up on either side of the road was many feet deep, the taxi got through because the state road was kept clear all winter.

When they arrived at the Howard home they discovered why they had not been met at the station as per specifications. The Howard servants were leaving in an indignant group and Teddy Howard was piling them and their bandboxes into the huge twoseater sleigh that the Howards always used for the winter holidays, even though they used their closed motor most of the year.

The house door was open and Mr. Howard, long, thin, and grey in hair and clothes, was glooming in the background; Alyce was fluttering around like a hen with its head cut off and Mrs. Howard was absent. The two were so absorbed in the domestic tragedy that Carol was allowed to pay the taximan herself, although she could ill afford the three dollars. After she had settled with him, she followed her sister Sylvia and the others into the house. There they met Don Mayens, a plump youth who was as good as gold though not as beautiful.

Sylvia Lambert was an ash blond, slender, slow-motioned and lovely to look at. She had a plaintive smile and was often spoken of as "Poor Sylvia" because the Lamberts were in too straightened circumstances to give her all the things that other girls had. It hadn't occurred to her to pay the taxi fare; she left such matters as that to Carol. Carol was younger, small, dark and energetic. No one thought of saying "poor Carol" though she took all of Sylvia's left over clothes, waited on

to make Sylvia's hard lot a little more pleasant; she hadn't time to think of herself. They were both having a year at boarding school where they were Alvce's classmates.

"Darlings, isn't it terrible!" twittered Alyce fluttering about them after seating them in big comfortable chairs in front of the living room fire. "Not a maid left, and nothing coming from the agency till tomorrow morning in spite of all our telephoning! Don, dear-friend-in-need, see if you can scare up some tea for us; you know the way about the kitchen as well as I do from childhood's hour."

When good-as-gold Don had started on his errand of mercy, Alyce explained the situa-

"Mother had to go over to Aunt Marge's because Auntie telephoned that the baby had gotten a tooth and was all upset. Or Auntie was upset. Anyhow Mother felt she had to go, but she said it needn't make any difference about our party tonight because we havehad, I mean—a full set of new servants. How was I to know they were so touchy?"

Sylvia cooed sympathy, and Carol asked with her usual directness what had caused the catastrophe.

SONG

By Barbara Hanley

When the buds are on the tree And bluebirds merrily sing, That's the time for you and me Gaily to greet the spring.

When the autumn winds blow free And scarlet hillsides call, That's the time for you and me Gaily to greet the fall.

"They didn't like my being their boss anyway; said how could they know what I wanted when I didn't know myself! And the last straw was when I told them an hour ago that there would be four extra guests to dinner tonight. I couldn't help it! Arthur Wilson telephoned that four of his college classmates had stopped at his house unexpectedly on the way from somewhere else. He said he'd have to stay at home if he couldn't bring them."

"Arthur Wilson stay at home! Four college men! Of course you had to invite them!" agreed the Lamberts.

Neither had met Arthur Wilson, but they had heard much about him. His father's estate was only a few miles away from the Howard's place, and Alyce had planned for the girls to come out from the city for dinner to meet him. Everyone agreed he was the handsomest, cleverest, and most charming youth within a hundred miles, not to mention his father's wealth and prestige. There were to be other guests, but if Arthur were absent, the party would be a flat failure. The Lambert girls could understand what the indignant kitchen staff could not, that all rules must be broken and the world turned upside down for Arthur Wilson.

Don, who, being a next door neighbor, had pretty nearly grown up in the Howard house, came in with a tea tray which he set on a low table before the fire, and Alyce poured tea. Don had found some delicious frosted cakes, too.

"Dinner is half cooked already," Don informed them. "I could see a large turkey behind the glass door of the electric range and the vegetables are ready to put on."

Mr. Howard sighed like a man experienced in meeting such crises and said:

"I'll take you all over to the club to dinner. Tell me how many there will be so I can telephone in advance."

"But all that food will spoil!" cried Carol.

The Lamberts didn't abandon half cooked

dinners this way; but then, the Lamberts could not afford to. Mrs. Lambert and Carol did the cooking themselves, leaving lighter tasks to Sylvia. Mr. Howard turned to eager Carol as if surprised to hear such a sensible remark.

"If Mrs. Howard were here she'd go right out into the kitchen and cook us a bang-up good dinner," he said regretfully. "The food at the club is cold storage stuff all fussed up and called by French names. But we'll have to eat it, for Alyce doesn't know how water looks when it boils. She'd take bones out of liver and wash lettuce in hot water."

"Show me the kitchen," commanded Carol rising. "I bet I can pick up that dinner where the cook dropped it."

Carol hadn't expected to cook her own dinner at the Howards', but it turned out not such bad fun. Mr. Howard obviously

DESIRE

By Elizabeth Cooper
When in the early morn I wake
To hear the robins sing,
To see the golden splashes
The new day's sun does bring,

I love to be alive, I do, I want to hasten out; I want to fly up to the sky And chase the birds about.

I want to find the nearest lake Where I can swim and dive; I'd never put the fish to shame, But it's great to be alive.

I like to walk on busy streets, To feel the push and shove, Or stroll through parks and shyly watch Young lovers making love.

I like to whistle, dance, and sing, To laugh, and all that stuff; 'Tis funny, though the day is long, It's never long enough. admired her competence; plump Don tied an apron on and waved a spoon, and long-legged Ted, back from the station, followed her about and asked how he could help. Carol was so used to having her lovely sister take all the attention that she enjoyed the novelty of being important.

The vegetables were already scrubbed and sliced ready for cooking, and the refrigerator contained crisp green lettuce, tomato jelly, and cranberry sauce. Consomme was on the stove, and in the pantry they found olives, salted nuts and candies. A freezer of ice cream was stowed away in the cellar.

Although Carol had never tackled a dinner the size of this one, everything was so well arranged that she had no fear. Standing in the middle of the kitchen she gave her orders. She demanded the apron from Don, asked Ted to open a window, and inquired of Mr. Howard how the stove worked. She sent Sylvia into the dining room to show Alyce how to lay a table. When Milt Perry, a young man who had had two poems published and was suspected of being a genius, arrived early with Janet Wood, Carol set Milt to washing lettuce and banished Janet from the crowded kitchen. Thus with the kindest intentions in the world Carol drove every girl but herself out of the kitchen and kept the men there in attendance upon her needs.

When Sylvia, later on, tried to persuade Carol to go upstairs to change her brown wool frock for a dinner gown, Carol only said, "Darling, don't bother me! Milt, I've measured the salad dressing ready for you to beat it. Don, cut me some bread in case we're short on rolls. Mr. Howard, we will turn the ice cream into fraps so it will surely go around. Will you please whip this cream? Ted, tell the girls you want small dishes for the olives and nuts." Seeing Sylvia still hovering near, she said to her, just as she always did at home, "Darling, you must leave this hot kitchen before it makes you feel faint." When Alyce wanted to help, Carol gave one

look at her orchid frock and insisted she take it out of harm's way. As the other guests arrived, busy Carol lost all track of who was who.

The crucial moment came.

Dinner was being assembled. Every man was absorbed in bringing his task to a successful conclusion. The intimidated girls, exquisitely dainty, were looking in from the butler's pantry. The huge bird done to a turn, was too heavy for Carol to lift. She looked about for help. Peering over the girls' heads was a tall, red-haired chap, with a high-arched nose and an air of authority. Carol hadn't heard his name, but it was no time to stand on ceremony.

"You!" she cried, pointing a peremptory forefinger at him. "Come here and help me."

He came. Under direction, he transferred the turkey from the roasting pan to the platter, splashing juice on his white shirt front as it slipped.

"Thank heavens, it went on you and not on one of the girls' frocks," cried Carol and wondered why he laughed.

JUST A CAREFREE GIRL

By Dorothy Decker
When I am carefree as a lark
I love to stroll about the park,
I like to chatter, dance, and sing
I'm happy doing anything.

The movies always bring me cheer The chirping robins charm my ear; I like to hear the radio Some music or a funny show.

To cook and serve is my delight And keep my pans all shining bright, My salads, cakes, and juicy pies Are pleasing to the taste and eyes.

Just let me laugh, enjoy a book While resting in a shady nook. No foolish fears will mar my day When I am well and feeling gay. "Shall I dish up the carrots?" asked the young man. "I'll be careful to spill the boiling water on my own feet."

Plump Don and poetic Milt made efficient waiters, eating and serving alternately. Carol refused to leave her kitchen duties and the high-nosed young man stayed at her side arranging the succeeding courses. When Carol took a moment to look into the dining room dinner was going well. Twittering Alvce was at her best in the unconventional situation, Mr. Howard was eating in a way that proved the food to be the sort he liked. Several strange young men were having a grand time. Sylvia was as distractingly lovely as ever in a shimmering frock, but her smile was distinctly wistful and Carol wondered what was wrong. When the last frap, brave in whipped cream, nut meats, chopped pineapple and candied cherries, had been set on the table, the following chant arose:

"Carol Lambert, Arthur Wilson, Carol Lambert, Arthur Wilson, come and eat, eat, eat!"

"Oh, dear, how stupid I am," cried Carol looking at the tall young man.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"You are Arthur Wilson," she accused him.
"Is that a crime?" he wanted to know.

Carol was distressed beyond measure, but she could not explain to him. She had meant to be helpful in getting the dinner, but she had grabbed the lion of the party and kept him in the kitchen! No wonder Sylvia had looked plaintive, when she had wanted so much to know Arthur Wilson. Well, it was not too late.

"Go straight into the dining room," commanded Carol.

"If you'll come, too," replied the lion.

This was a different matter. Carol's brown afternoon dress was not suited to a formal dinner and her curly brown hair was every which way. She could not go in to sit with Alyce in her orchid gown, the exquisite girl guests, and her own beautiful sister. No,

that was asking too much. She would rather starve. Wilson understood the real reason underlying her stammered excuses. His quick understanding was a part of his charm. He told her:

"I'd rather eat out here with you if you'll eat with me. I'd rather not go in. Look at all the gravy you spilled on my shirt front."

"I did not," cried Carol. "It was your own clumsiness!"

"We won't stop to argue the question now," he returned. "Notice what I have been doing while you have been thinking only of others, I have set a small table in the corner for us. Your hot consomme waits for you, Miss Lambert. Also mine. See, I am drawing out your chair for you with marvelous courtesy considering how famished I am."

What could Carol do but seat herself? She was famished herself. Besides it was very pleasant to sit at a table for two with Arthur Wilson. The others came out of the dining room and waited on the two cooks with loud cries of admiration. Carol for the first time in her life found herself the central figure in a merry group. She wasn't self conscious either, for she was upheld by a healthy satisfaction in having done very well something which not one of the other girls could have accomplished. Sylvia was nice about it, too. She felt that it was to her credit to have so competent a sister.

Carol and Art lingered over their fraps, while the others went into the living room and turned on the radio, they talked until Carol was struck with a sudden thought.

"I ought to do those dishes," she said with conviction but no enthusiasm.

Art rose to his full height and looked down at her severely.

"There's a limit to my good nature," he told her. "Maybe the new staff will get here before breakfast. You have been boss long enough. It's my turn now. We are going in and have a good time. Pick up your feet and march, young woman."

REVENGE

By Dorothy Shelton

"HOW dare you?" cried Kay as she swung around and faced the young man who had just walked up behind her, taken her in his arms, and kissed the back of her neck. She was too astounded to say what she thought, and besides she had never seen the young man before in her life. Gazing at him, she couldn't believe that he was just being fresh; he looked much too nice for that. He was an inch or two taller than she, with wavy blond hair, bright blue eyes, and at present a deep blush covering his clear-cut features as he said in an embarrassed voice,

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Forgive me. I thought you were Sylvia Sommers."

"I'm Kay Sommers, Sylvia's sister," said Kay, smiling, "and of course I'll forgive you; you're not the first person who has mistaken me for Sylvia, from behind, that is," she hastily added. For, indeed, who could mistake the pretty unsophisticated face of Kay for her sister's posed and glamorous one.

"But that dress," continued the young man, "I'd swear Sylvia had it on the very night I met her, about six months ago!"

"Yes, she probably did," said Kay, gritting her teeth, "you see, all my dresses are Sylvia's first."

For nine years now Kay had had to put up with this torture, ever since her father had died and the family had begun to live on his hard-earned savings modestly, very modestly because Mrs. Sommers simply didn't feel in a position to work. So all the new clothes were bought by Sylvia, for Sylvia, and to suit Sylvia's tastes. If they happened to suit Kay's too, why she got them as soon as Sylvia tired of them, and if they didn't suit Kay she got them, anyway, and had to wear them. She was nineteen; Sylvia, twenty-two, She had been out of business college almost a year and was working, but her salary was

very small and her mother had insisted that she pay room and board now that she was earning. So out of what was left Kay bought her own shoes, stockings, sport clothes, and accessories; but was forced to continue wearing Sylvia's dresses. And how she hated it! She was always finding herself in some such predicament, though seldom as amusing, as the present one.

"I'm Bob Chester," the young man introduced himself, "perhaps you've heard Sylvia speak of me."

"Heard Sylvia speak of you, why . . . "
Kay bit her tongue, she felt that it wouldn't do to tell the young man that during the past six months she had become so tired of hearing about this irresistible man whom Sylvia had met at a houseparty that she could scream at the mere mention of his name.

"Yes," she finished lamely, "I believe she has mentioned you."

"Mentioned me, just mentioned me.

SPRING FEVER

By Frank Camp

The time is spring, the leaves are green And I'm at the wheel of my gas machine; The air is warm and the sky is sunny And in my pocket, is plenty of money.

Over the hill and away on high; Imagine my face as the cop I spy! 'Twas a little fast, but I thought I'd risk it; Now my hard-earned cash must go for a ticket.

Homeward bound in a cloud of sorrow

To be at the court house at nine tomorrow.

And how did all this come to pass?

A carefree heart and too much gas.

When I've come two hundred miles to ask the young lady to be my wife, I find that she has just mentioned me to her family; that's gratitude, that is!" cried Bob, scowling fiercely. They both laughed and then he asked.

"But where is Sylvia?"

"I'm afraid you won't be able to pop the question for a whole month, Bob," Kay said, "for Sylvia has gone vachting. A friend of hers was just given a splendid boat by a very rich uncle on her twenty-first birthday. So she asked a group of fellows and girls to go on a month's cruise, putting in at various ports along the coast. That's how I happen to be here at the dance tonight; I'm taking Sylvia's place."

"Well, I guess that leaves me stranded high and dry: but my vacation starts tomorrow; so I'm going to stay right here and wait for her," Bob said, after a slight pause, "You know, Kay, when Sylvia said she had a kid sister, I thought she meant about twelve or thirteen, not nineteen or twenty, or am I putting it too high?"

"No, I'm nineteen," sighed Kay, "but I wish I were about thirteen and then maybe I wouldn't have to wear all Sylvia's clothes."

"Never mind, Kay," sympathized Bob. "you'll be getting married some day soon and then you can have all your own clothes."

"I'm never going to get married," stated Kay.

"But, why not?"

"Because Mother said that there would be money enough for only one wedding dress, and I just won't be married in my sister's wedding dress!"

Bob laughed, but saw the terror that the situation held for poor Kay. Imagine, walking down the aisle, the church decked with flowers, the organ playing, and hearing some one whisper to her neighbor,

"Doesn't the bride look lovely; the dress suits her almost as well as it did her sister."

"Shall we dance?" Bob offered her his arm,

and the two left the garden and entered the ballroom where for the first time that evening Kay really enjoyed dancing. The rest of the evening passed all too quickly, and soon Bob was taking her home. He bid her goodbye and promised to come around in the morning to meet his future mother-in-law.

Kay was very athletic, for in sports she could lose her feeling of inferiority, and through practice she had become very good in almost any sport you could name. For two weeks she found Bob an excellent rival or partner. As long as he was there waiting for Sylvia, Kay saw no harm in his playing with her: that is, she saw no harm at first, not until it was too late and she found herself very much in love with this gay youth who was in love with her sister. "Well, better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at

I'LL FOLLOW HIM

By Isabelle C. Sayles

I said. "I cannot walk this way Down streets where starving children play. I cannot give up half my bread; I, too, must live." And then I said, "I will not go where death and strife Shadow each step. In risking life In unknown ways, to help their pain," I cried out, "where would be my gain?"

The One I'd follow came this way For all I know comes here today. Those who loved Him, He gave up, Drank to the dregs His bitter cup, On Calvary's hill was crucified. For such as these—and me, He died.

Strange how His love has stirred my heart! I know now I must do my part. I, too, shall try to cheer and bless, Sharing with them all I possess. Thru mean and squalid streets and dim Now eagerly-I'll follow Him.

more weeks," but that was before the blow

One morning Kay's mother announced that she had had a short note from Sylvia that would interest Kay; Kay took the note and read:

Dear Mother,

Am just dashing off a short letter to let you know that your daughter is engaged. The lucky man is one of Enid's guests, Ted Howard, a grand fellow. You'll just love him.

You say that Bob is in town waiting for me to come home? I am so sorry for Bob, but perhaps you or Kay could break the news to him gently.

We'll be home in two weeks: better be thinking about the wedding.

Love, Sylvia.

Kay dropped the note. Tell Bob that Sylvia was engaged. She just couldn't do that! Why, he'd go home then, and she'd never see him again! Oh, what should she do?

That evening Bob took her dancing, and though she had thought of not telling him for two more weeks, she decided while they were driving home to tell him then.

"Bob, would you mind stopping the car: I've something I must tell you.'

Bob stopped and turned to look at her, but Kay gazed straight ahead.

"Bob, Sylvia's engaged to another man."

There, she had said it. Now what would happen? Had she hurt him too dreadfully? At that moment she could have gladly strangled Sylvia for doing this to the man Kay loved; but Bob said in a perfectly calm voice,

"Kay, look at me." She obeyed him and was surprised to find him smiling, his blue eyes twinkling.

"Kay, do you really believe that I love Svlvia?"

"Yes, that is, I did."

"Oh, you poor darling. Couldn't you see that I love you, have loved you from the first night I met you? I never would have waited for Sylvia, but it gave me a good excuse—to

all," said Kay to herself. "I still have two stay around where you could fall in love with me. You do love me, don't you?"

"Oh, ves. Bob."

"Then you'll marry me?"

"Yes." Kay answered in a breathless

"Oh. Bob." sighed Kay when she could speak, "all my life I've worn Sylvia's cast-off clothing; and now I'm going to marry Sylvia's cast-off lover."

They both laughed and Bob declared, "I'm nothing of the sort."

"Oh, yes, you are, darling; but I don't care-I'm so happy I could cry-why I'm so happy I could almost forgive Sylvia for my having to wear her clothes."

"Would you like to get even, darling?"

"Would I!"

"Well, get comfortable, and I'll tell you

Sylvia leaned against the rail and gazed out over the calm water which reflected the starstudded heavens, and sighed.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the tall, dark man at her side.

"Oh, many things; but especially our wedding. Oh, Ted, I'm going to feel so proud, and look so beautiful; it's going to be the wedding of the season."

Again Sylvia sighed as she pictured herself walking slowly down the aisle in a gorgeous gown with every eye upon her, and every tongue saying, "How lovely."

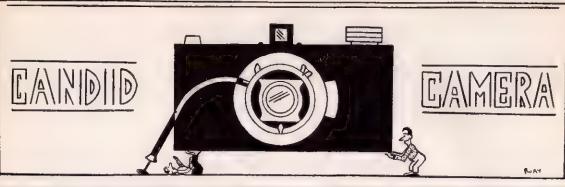
Enid White, hostess, approached the couple carrying a large box,

"Sorry to disturb you two," she said gaily, "but this package was picked up at the dock today. It's for you, Sylvia. What is it?"

"Oh, it must be that new dress I asked Mother to send me," exclaimed Sylvia as she untied the string.

Lifting the cover she found a small white card which read:

"From Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chester." And to Sylvia's horror the box contained a wedding dress.





Miss Downs~



∽ Mr. DAVIDSON ~



∽ Miss Riley ~



~ Mr. Herberg ~

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The Candid Camera

By George Scott

GOOD CITIZEN

Miss Alice Downs of the English Department believes in working for the best interests of her community (Lenox), for she is a member of the Lenox Civic Association and was, incidentally, the first secretary-treasurer of that organization. Her hobbies are walking with her dog "Lenox" and gardening. She belongs to the Berkshire Garden Club. If you want to subscribe to the Readers Digest, she is the one to see. She is a former president of the Berkshire Teachers' Association. If ever you happen to be lucky enough to get her autograph, it will be followed by the admonition, "To thine own self be true." (Hamlet).

MODEST PROFESSOR

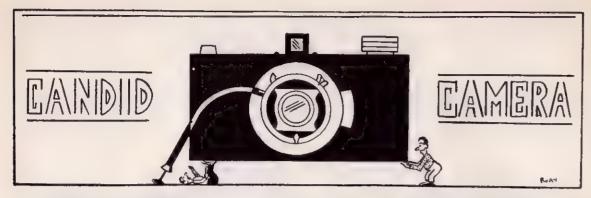
Mr. James Davison, chemistry teacher, is very modest when it comes to interviews. It seems that he has been very wary of candid cameras ever since Bruce Goewey caught him off guard with one such evil device. After much importuning he finally consented to tell us that he likes football and hockey. He predicts that the Cubs will take the National League pennant, but he will not commit himself about the American League. His hobbies are electricity and mechanics. He very conscientiously tries to keep up with the latest developments in science, and often gives his classes detailed descriptions of the exploits of various professors, notably one out in Western Reserve.

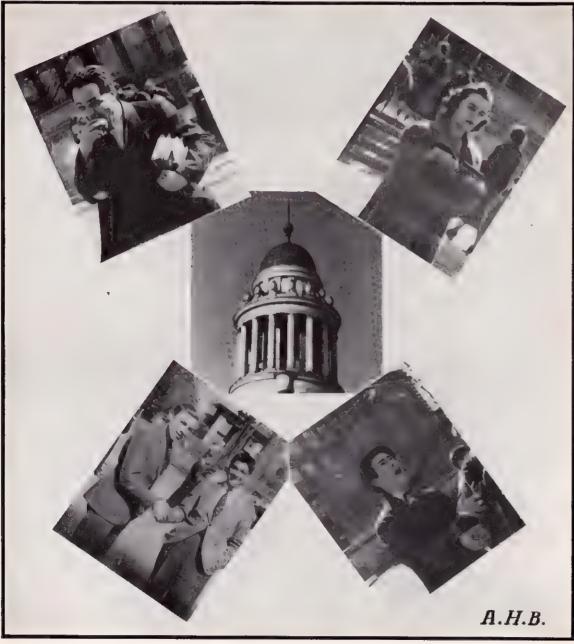
SEAMSTRESS

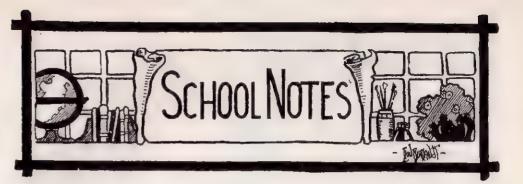
Miss Florence Riley, of the Household Arts Department is the one who is largely responsible for all these beautiful dresses which we see our girls wearing. She graduated from Framingham State Teachers' College. Although she likes all sports, swimming is her favorite. She likes the movies, and admires Spencer Tracy Though she says she actually does "live like Riley", she has considerable trouble with her P. G.'s, notably one Loraine Dowd. She likes to talk, but doesn't like to have her pupils do it. She claims she rules her classes with an iron hand, especially the sophomores, whom she loves to help after school.

EINSTEIN

Another recruit to the ever widening ranks of the "Enemies of the Candid Camera" is Mr. Theodore Herberg, head of the Mathematics Department. Beside teaching his classes in Pittsfield High, he has night classes in education for students at the North Adams State Teacher's College. His hobby is writing books, but he spends much of his spare time thinking up bigger and better hurdles for math students to jump. Since he generally knows what he is talking about, you had better not argue with him. It is his desire that the school committee should be called to arbitrate when the Kiersteads start fighting. His worthy ambition is to find students whose handwriting is at least good enough that they can read it themselves.







EDWARD ULMA

On May 11 Edward Ulma of the Sophomore A class died in the House of Mercy Hospital from lock jaw. He suffered a compound fracture of the left leg on May 3 while pole vaulting on the school grounds. It was hoped that a speedy recovery would result but on the tenth day tetanus set in. He was born on April 8, 1919.

SENIOR A NOTES

All the Senior A's have been up to see the "birdie man"—Mr. Shapiro—and have received their proofs, with which they are very well satisfied.

Perhaps you have noticed that the Senior A's seemed to get out of almost every class for a couple of days the last week in April. Here's a tip—they were being measured for their caps and gowns.

At their class meeting on May 3, Donald McRell—one of the important characters in the successful senior play just recently presented at P. H. S.—was elected chairman of the Class Day Committee. At this meeting it was also decided to have a Commencement issue of the Student's Pen rather than a yearbook. This publication will be edited by Dorothy Shelton, Editor of the Pen, and Abbott Robinson will be business manager.

On April the fifth, Mrs. Osa Johnson presented a very instructive and interesting lecture on her experiences in the jungles. Since twenty-three years of her married life were spent there with her late husband, Martin Johnson, she had much to tell us. The enjoyable tales of their exciting adventures were illustrated by moving pictures taken by Mr. Johnson. The pleasing personality of Mrs. Johnson and her charming way of speaking held the enthusiastic interest of her entire audience.

Mr. Max Gilstrap, a guide in Yosemite National Park visited our school on the fourteenth of April. He whistled for his spellbound audience many familiar tunes, among them "Glow-Worm", "Trees", and "Indian Love Call". Appearing in uniform during his lecture he told us what we would see and hear if we were touring one of our National Parks. Mr. Gilstrap's talk was one of the most entertaining and educational on the program this season.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We girls know, although we signed up for baseball, that we're nowhere near the professional stage yet. Nevertheless, every time we swing at a ball and miss it by a mile the boys practicing near us, laugh and laugh and laugh. Oh, to have seen them when they couldn't hit a ball.

Ah, tennis! We have many prospective Don Budges and Helen Wills (if first impressions don't count). Without a ball most of us are swell, but we can't get the thing over the net, doggone it!!!!





And Why

By Meriel Van Buren

SCOOP

School reporter is Abbott ("Scoop") Robinson, a very busy fellow, who will be busier still in the future since he has just been appointed business manager of the Commencement issue of the Pen. Abbott was also chairman of publicity for the recent senior play. This young business man says he likes lettuce and tomato sandwiches, sporty clothes, and driving any old "hack". His pet hates are sophisticated women, tough-looking cops, and rushing about all the time. His lofty ambition is to see his name in gold letters on the door of a business firm.

CHAIRMAN

Mary Mele—this smiling, little dark-eyed senior is chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee. She confesses that she has a great liking for banana splits and bookkeeping class. Benny Goodman is her pet passion. On the other hand, she tries to hide when spring housecleaning comes around and is scared to death of thunder storms. Mary is a commercial student and hopes to be a secretary some day.

VIRTUOSO

"You will now hear a selection by Elliot Weisgarber, world-famed clarinetist." Don't be alarmed—it's just a preview? We expect great things of Elliot, now assistant conductor of the P. H. S. orchestra and pupil of Gustave Langemus, clarinetist of great repute. Elliot says he hopes to be the principal clarinetist in a professional symphony orchestra some day. (You'd better start getting his autograph now.) He likes English, U. S. history, and tennis, while mathematics, Latin, and coffee give him a headache.

PINKY

The blushing young lady is Helen Wetzel, Chairman of the Senior Picture Committee—as well as a member of the Good Will Committee. Helen enjoys carmel covered apples, singing in the school glee club, and collecting photographs of her friends. She dislikes people who crack gum and who wear large hats to the movies. Her ambition is to take Sinbad (her dog) for a walk without Mr. Meehan seeing her.

CAPTAIN

The captain of the baseball team this spring is Nicholas Daligian. This modest young athlete isn't exactly a stranger to us, as we remember his excellent work on the basketball team last season. Breaking the tradition of most athletes, Nick likes senior math with Mr. Herberg, as well as Guy Lombardo's orchestra. His favorite dislikes are silly girls and riding in rumble seats on chilly nights. (With whom?) Nick hopes to become a big league baseball player. Here's to his success!

BELLE

A general favorite with the boys is Louise McEachron. (If you haven't met her yet, you're missing something?) With dark, wavy hair, a ready smile, and a sparkling personality, it's no wonder they all fall. The girls like her too. She is a member of Tri Hi. Louise likes raspberry pie a la mode, knitting, and tennis, also amateur photography. She dislikes pineapple, baseball, and sissies. Her ambitions are to become a dress designer and to be able to flip pennies and catch them when they come down.

THE DEBATING CLUB

Since last heard from, our Debating Club has been very busy -yes, very busy indeed. Our thoughts have turned mainly to two subjects—The County Debates and our election of officers.

On April 13th (fortunately not Friday the 13th) our two teams were ready for battle. The cause of this conflict, or the subject of the debate: Resolved that-The several states adopt a unicameral system of legislation. Our affirmative team, consisting of Hugh Toomey, Jack Duker and Bernard Williams, with Edward Sullivan as alternate, defended ably the home fort, defeating the Stockbridge attackers two to one. Hugh Toomey is to be especially congratulated on an excellent speech. The negative team, consisting of George Merrit, Henry Kierstead, Herbert Boyajian, with George Walsh as alternate. lost in Lenox in spite of a brilliant and spirited fight. The score? Three to nothing. Mr. Edward McKenna and Mr. James McKenna are to be thanked by all for their time and efforts spent in making these debates a suc-

On May 5th, the second important event took place—the election of officers. As is the custom, the constitution of the club was read with the new amendments added, and the elections were held. The officers elected are as follows:

George Merritt, unanimously elected president; Herbert Boyajian and Edward Sullivan elected co-vice presidents; and Loraine Dakin unanimously elected secretary.

We regret to announce the resignation of our counsellor, Edward McKenna, for he has been the mainstay of many a winning team. To him, our best wishes (we shall miss him very much) and to his worthy successor, James McKenna, welcome.

Another year's work is finished. We have had many enjoyable times together and hope to see many new members next year.

GI-Y NEWS

The Gi-Y elections were held recently and from the eight eligible girls the following officers were elected: President, Barbara Roxbrough; Vice President, Marion Otis; Secretary, Bette Knight; Treasurer, Jane Hughes; Warden, Clare Moynihan.

Last week Miss Kaliher conducted a discussion on "Personality". We were given sheets on which were printed twenty-two essential qualities which go to make up a good personality. We enjoyed Miss Kaliher's talk and asked many questions at the end of it. Refreshments were served and we left the meeting with the ambition to possess each of the twenty-two personality pointers.

CHRISTIAN STRENGTH

By Dorothy Shelton

The heathen Turks marched into town Theirs was the victor's cry; They told the startled Armenian folk, "Give up your Christ, or die!"

The Christian townsmen were distressed, They knew not where to turn; Here were the Turks on every side Yet Christ they would not spurn.

Some cruel and ruthless soldiers cried, "Why should you die for Him?
You saw Him not, you knew Him not, Is He more precious than limb?"

One brave Armenian lad stepped forth And said in accents strong, "You're right, we know not much of Him Except in verse and song.

Yet this we know, He died for us, He loved us through all strife; The very least that we can do Is die; so take my life!"

PREDICAMENT

By Lois Ashe

I tried to write some poetry
Or at least a line of verse;
I tried to write a story
But it only turned out worse.
I tried to get a joke or two
But someone had them all collected,
I tried to write a slam, alas!
They turned out as I had expected.
So all that there is left for me
Is to tell my little story,
And even if this should get in
The editor gets the glory.

A MESSAGE

The editor of the STUDENT'S PEN has been requested by Mrs. John A. Ford to convey to the student body of Pittsfield High her sincere appreciation of their many expressions of sympathy and of the flowers sent at the time of Mr. Ford's death.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

The Worthwhile Hobbies of some of your P. H. S. Friends

Janet Gray—bringing home stray dogs and cats.

Ruth Newton—homework???

Judith Reynolds—square dancing.

Bill Ford—playing basketball.

Shelah O'Connell—evading anything that resembles work.

Eleanor Kaufman—chewing bubble gum. Mary Farrell—taming mosquitoes.

Helen Guitan-diving.

Muriel Gratton—wearing her father's socks.

Winifred Aitcheson—A yen for gardening which will probably vanish when the weeds begin to sprout.

Gene Amber—Dancing with his "Shadow".

Marion Willis—Trying to find some important sophs.

Betty Wade—Eating ice-cream. Virginia Retallick—Swimming.

Robert Cranston—Getting slips for being ate.

Barbara Myers—Finding a hobby.

Emma Renzi—Reading comes in as a sideline, but it's a pole and tack for me.

Ronald Dickson-Playing the trumpet.

PRETTY DEEP

The other day Miss Kennedy was translating "Les Miserables" with her class. Just as they were about to begin, someone called, "Quelle page, Mademoiselle?" Mademoiselle glanced at her book and then said, "Page 47, about 25 miles down."

"Keep off the grass" the bulletin said. They didn't know we were hunting for spiders to put on our jackets.

While everyone's swinging "Loch Lomond" Pam Walker goes around with a sad, sad face. You know, she just hates to hear those beautiful old ballads tortured by swing music. So if you're inclined to swing it, you'd better stay away from Pam.

Incidentally, right now she's trying to get rid of the nickname "Pammy-Wammy." As long as it isn't "Wammy-Pammy" she shouldn't mind.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Miss Casey chewing gum?

Joan Merritt with a grouch? Rosemary Sclater not excited?

Mr. Leahy as an usher at the Tyler?

Mr. Carey really and truly angry?

Dorothy Shelton not busy?

Don McRell as a composer?

Miss Kaliher being mean to Lester Brown?

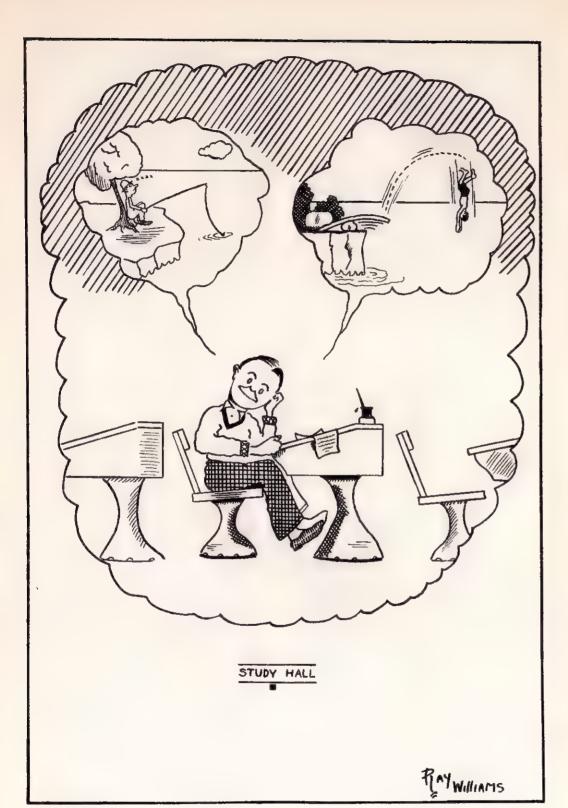
P. H. S. as an industrial school?

Fred Najimy weighing 110 pounds?

Mr. Davison not good natured?

Mr. Conroy reading "Gone with the Wind"?

Mr. Murray without a broad grin? Well, neither can I!



TORCH HI-Y

On April 19, Mr. James Keegan of the Boys' Club gave an address at a joint meeting of the boys' Hi-Y clubs. During his talk he told of many personal experiences that he has had as a referee at major football games throughout the East. He said that he enjoys working with boys because it is always so interesting.

On April 26 an induction ceremony was held during which the following six new members were officially brought into the club: John Talbot, William Temple, Milton Howe, Michael Cancilla, Kenneth Shaw, and Edward Callahan.

On May 3 a joint meeting of all Hi-Y clubs, boys and girls, was held with the A. Z. A. Society of the Temple Anshe Amonim. At this meeting talks were given by the Rev. C. Russell Prewitt and by Rabbi Saul Habas. A short talk was also given by John Langdon, President of the Senior Hi-Y, explaining the meaning of Hi-Y and how the club started in Pittsfield. After the addresses a social hour was held during which the members of the A. Z. A. entertained the Hi-Y clubs with refreshments and dancing. TRI-HI

In accordance with a custom begun several years ago, the Tri-Hi Club devoted a recent meeting to the arduous task of having its group picture taken. The results were favorably comparable to those of the past years.

The newly-elected officers have already begun to receive "those helpful hints" from the retiring ones. Next year our present cheerleader, Edith Leipe, will rap the gavel and preside at the meetings. Helen Cronin will carry out the office of vice-president; and Zita Porro will faithfully record the minutes of the meetings. Let's all give our hearty good wishes to Ruth Newton that she may collect the dues, all the dues, and more dues; and to Betty Wade—that she may aid, with the assistance of Gi-Y warden, in keeping our Hi-Y rooms neat and tidy!

The spirit of brotherhood was commendably exemplified on May 3, when the Hi-Y members were the guests of the A. Z. A. Society. We hope that this meeting may be a forerunner of many like ones, and we are proud to have acted as pioneers in this endeavor.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

"In Old Chicago" and "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs" were the pictures of the month. The first picture, outstanding because of the ravaging fire, was studied for its historical and social values, while Walt Disney's famous creation was studied for production.

These two pictures closed the Club's program for the year. It has been a very successful first year and the club members are looking forward to another even more successful one.

WINNERS

The office has received notice that in the Annual Poster Contest of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Solomon Cohen of our school won Honorable Mention, and a year's subscription to "Our Dumb Animals." We consider this quite an honor to the school, and wish to give Solomon the credit he deserves.

Marion Magill won first prize in the recent essay contest conducted by the Pittsfield Chamber of Commerce.

School Note Assistants this month were: Lois Ashe, Katherine Blowe, Mary Jane English, Mary Farrell, Barbara Hanley, and Marion Willis.

QUESTION By Lois Ashe

We Seniors have a question
We'd like to put in rhyme:
They say the pace of living
Gets faster all the time;
But shouldn't you imagine
It's slowed down quite a lot,
When our mothers loved the gallop,
While we're content to trot?



Not Quite

By Robert C. Moore

Paced by Captain Victoreen and Phil Rhody, who got two firsts apiece, and by John Gentile and Ray Hebert, who gained one each, Pittsfield came within four points of victory on May 7, losing to Berkshire 54-50 on the latter's track. Gaining only four points of the first eighteen and losing the last event to a crack Berkshire relay team were Pittsfield's only weak points. In all other respects the Purple and White were as good as, and often better than, their opponents.

In a well run race that was little more than a scramble for second place Hugo Victoreen took the mile. So perfect was his stride that after the first lap he had no one within speaking distance. As if that were not sufficient, in the half mile (next to the last event) when Culver was supposed to place first and he second, he put on the pressure when the faltering Culver slipped to third and came in first again.

While Victoreen was burning up the track, Phil Rhody, our transfer from the Pacific Coast, walked away with the weight events. Easily he outdistanced his opponents in the shot put with heaves of 42 and 43 feet. In the discus he topped all with 99 and 102½ feet, which is not his record mark.

Pole vaulting lasted most of the afternoon, but when it was all over John Gentile had vaulted 9' 3" to capture first. It was nearly

Paced by Captain Victoreen and Phil a clean sweep in the high jump with Hebert hody, who got two firsts apiece, and by gaining first with a jump of 5' 3" and Markham Second. It was a tie for third.

Pittsfield was not in there on the shorter races as it was in the mile and half mile. In fact a 50-49 lead was snuffed out when they dropped the last event—a 220 yard relay. The 440 went to Berkshire although Ed Calahan placed a good second. We gained a second in the 220 low hurdles and a third in the 100-yard dash. Hubbard was within $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of first in the broad jump with an 18' $8\frac{1}{2}''$.

Pittsfield entered one man in the javelin—that was Rhody. He was so busy with shot put and discus that when he was ready the crowd reformed to watch him a lone opponent battle for second place. Berkshire had first with a shot of 150′ 11″. Phil made 131 for third in his first competition with the javelin.

This observer was worth about \$25. during the meet. Reason: he trudged here and there with an athletic bag loaded with wallets.

"Muscles" Lascynski was afraid he wouldn't do much. A second in the discus and a third in the mile were the results though.

Give credit to Victoreen for being a better than good miler. When he is out there running the mile you have no doubt you are watching a clever runner. His time was 4:46 in the mile and 2:12 in the half.



We wonder what would happen to Miss Kaliher if she ever lived in Germany???

Hitler could never make her change her mind.

Can you blame her.

He: "Do you kiss high school boys, Irma?"

She: "That's my business."
He: "Well, how's business."

What Comes to the Editor's Desk

Mr. Max Gilstrap, a guide in Yosemite National Park, visited our school on the four-teenth of April. His wife accompanied him on the piano.

Joe Albano: "Why are you hitting me, Jones?"

Jones: "You need a shave."

Albano: "What's that got to do with it?" Bright voice from rear of room: "He's trying to clip ya."

Miss Kaliher: "What are you doing with your socks inside out?"

Robinson: "My feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."

Teacher: "Who made that noise?"

Scott: "It must have been Temple. He looks sheepish."

Temple: "Bah! You're just trying to make me the goat."

Mr. Strout (to college entrance aspirant): "Have you credit in economics?"

P. G.: "No, but I have an account at England's.

"Irene is looking rather old lately."

"Yes, her schoolgirl complexion seems to have graduated."

In our poll for the most handsome member of the faculty, a dashing hero on the second floor is in the lead . . . It looks like a close race though, for he has a majority of only fifteen . . . We are expecting more votes from the girls, so this is not definite.

Your old friend Jepson is now signing off with best regards to everybody.

Remember me to the folks back home.

Yours until we meet again

Jepson the Jeep

Compliments of

Charles H. Kilmer

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